

# Oxford Democrat.

No. 29, Vol. 4, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, November 26, 1844.

Old Series. No. 39, Vol. 31.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. STICKNEY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms;—the Editor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the insertion. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POPULAR TALES.

From "The Gift for 1845," (published by Carey & Hart).

PETER PETROLIUS;

OR,

THE MAN THAT WAS BORN IN THE CROOKED STREET.

BY EDMUND C. WATMOUGH.

Peter Petrolius was the hopeful son and heir of a very respectable old lady who flourished for many years in Dock street, Philadelphia, the only crooked one there, and which certain Gothamites, much to the astonishment of the loving brothers thereof, affirm to be the prettiest part of the whole place.

This estimable woman had supplied several generations with molasses candy and other savory matters, and would still have continued to dispense those sweet flavours, but remorseless death laid his cold hand upon her, and she obeyed the summons with quiet resignation, leaving our hero the undespended heir to all her estate, real, personal, and mixed. The first was represented by a one-story wooden tenement, then fast crumbling into decay. The second, those well known habilitations, a cap and gown, familiar to every school-boy; and the third, the remnant of the last boiling of that compound by which she had acquired so much reputation and a comfortable subsistence during her widowhood.

We forbear recording the particulars of our hero's early life, from the time his first obstreperous cry was heard in Dock street, till he arrived at years of manhood, though no doubt they had a great influence upon his character and subsequently fortunes.

The habits of the boys of that day differed materially from those of the present generation. Then, it was never considered particularly infamous to play marble with a sweep, nor to "shiny" on your own side, the better part of a summer's day, in that open lot, on the boundaries of which flourished both the cow and the horse market; and not unworthy of the ambitious youth even to ride a "scrub tree," on that ancient fashionable course, between Walnut and Spruce street, and the Potter's Field on one side, with its thousands of queer grave-stones and green hillocks—the deep wondering creek and mysterious brick enclosure in the center, with its broken-down gates, and the ancient weeping willow; and on the other, the long, narrow open lot with smothered surface—the general playground. If the affectionate mother of our hero could now revisit that place as we daily customarily do, it is for it of her darling Peter—the old could be, puzzled to identify the spot so well known to every one some "thirty years since."

The creek, with its high crumbling banks, through which occasionally protruded the end of a coffin, is now a gravelled walk shaded by tall forest trees. The tombstones, that looked like spectres in the moonlight—the gigantic willow within that mysterious enclosure upon the hill—the tall and ancient poplars that stood like sentinels round that populous city of the dead—are all gone, and have given place to Washington Square, with its verdant plats and groves and broad promenades. The reader will perceive from this brief notice of by-gone scenes, and the habits of the youth of that day, that Peter's ambition was not directed to literary pursuits;—though the renowned Talbot Hamilton was assiduous in his amiable endeavors to cultivate the hidden inspirations of his scholars by a liberal and energetic application of the "rattan" to a very tender and susceptible part of the body, which he deemed the medium of all intelligence, and through which he endeavored to infuse the elementary principles of every science. Peter received from this benevolent gentleman an uncommon share of his attention in that respect, but it appeared to have no other effect than to elicit from our hero sounds more remarkable for strength than harmony.

So much for our hero's paragon, juvenility, and birth-place; in which the reader may possibly discover some connection with his subsequent career, something sinuous and crooked like Dock street, and a good deal at variance with the straight-forward habits of the citizens of that rectangular rectilinear city of brotherly love.

The proceeds of his estate, both "real personal and mixed," were soon dissipated—the last he liberally shared with several of his favorite companions. He was now thrown upon his own resources for a livelihood. It became apparent from some never-failing symptoms, that the time for exertion had arrived;—an uncomfortable sensation in the epigastric region, occasioned by a vacuum adherent to nature, and most particularly to Peter, to whom the former had bestowed an appetite of no ordinary power. He had been since departed from its original shape, the crown moving upon a hinge, the lid flapping gracefully upon his shoulders, and a very equivocal pair of pantaloons, imposed upon him the necessity for immediate action, and if an important incident had not opportunely occurred, it is not impossible that our hero might have retired from this world and its vanities into the peaceful cloisters of Moyamensing.

A distant relation of his mother's, who for many years had lived in apparent poverty in one of the populous alleys of Southwark, died possessed of large sums of money, which were found secreted in his humble dwelling. Peter became the rightful heir to all this treasure, and no sooner was he perfectly satisfied of the truth of this unlooked-for good fortune, than a decided change took place, both in his conduct and appearance.

He was now considered a respectable man, who had a stake in society, but what to Peter was of equal importance, one for his dinner. Men now respectfully touched their hats to Petrolius, to whom but a few weeks before they would not have tossed a copper. He was spoken of as a "clever fellow;" it was of little importance to the world how he had acquired wealth, whether by accident or by meritorious exertion. He was rich, which embraced every virtue, and Peter began to think that the motto of his native State might have been abbreviated to that simple and expressive monosyllable, "cash," for with it he found himself instantly possessed of "virtue, liberty and independence."

We shall here pass over a period of Peter's life, and resume it again when marked by another sensible change in his fortunes and character.

He had during that period, however, moved in what he considered a fashionable circle, and affected the airs of a distinguished first water, wore a large ring upon an apoplectic finger, upon which was engraved his family crest, for Peter had discovered that he was the last representative upon earth of a noble race, and as his good mother during her life-time, enjoyed the title of "the Queen of Candy," her hopeful progeny was in truth, better entitled to this little hereditary display than many other good citizens of this republic affected with the same amiable weakness, though there were people malicious enough to insinuate that two mint-sticks "rampant" upon a field of gingerbread "attendant" would be more appropriate than the helmet and dagger. His apartments were adorned with the portraits of one or two ancient ladies and gentlemen of the past century, purchased at auction. Also some antiquated chairs, with high backs and bandy legs, culled out of the same asylum for decayed furniture, which Peter was in the habit of remarking "were cherished as memorials of his ancestors."

His poor mother, could she have peeped into the parlor of Peter, would no doubt be more astonished than flattered at the brocade representative of herself, and spouse, whose untimely demise was attributable to a cold caught during the shadow season. It was always a consolation to the relief of that worthy man, that though he was cut off in the very flower of life and utility, yet his struggle was neither a tedious, expensive, nor a painful one, and with many a sigh, she expressed her meek submission to the decrees of Providence. "It is all right," she would say, "for if he had lived till water-melon time, he would have sunk under the oyster season," for such was the good man's admiration of those bivalves, that nothing could restrain him from the incessant proclamation of their silent virtues through the streets, from sunrise till long after midnight, though she privately confessed to some of her acquaintances, that the encomiums generally bestowed by her spouse upon the "lovely" objects of his solitudes were not very complimentary to herself.

Peter, however, had buried all these reminiscences with his mother, and from the constant habit of deceiving others had worked himself into a belief that he really was what he pretended to be, and that the old gentleman of Pewter Platter Alley, the vendor of old iron scraps and other rarities, the wooden tenement of his mother, and the peripatetic proclamations of his revered father of piscatorial renown, were dreams, nothing more. And when these unpleasant fancies peeped into the cells of his imagination, he slammed to the doors of thought against the unwelcome intruders, and in the glass found more pleasing reflections, in the contemplation of the "imperial" upon his chin, and the "moustache" upon his lip.

Day after day passed away in the profitable amusements of a young man without any business; frequenting of taverns and theatres, in winter, strutting about the streets with both hands thrust into the pockets of a bag coat, and in summer, whirling over a dusty road in one of those vehicles wherein the drivers appear to have the axes run through his hips, at the tail of a fast trotting horse, dashing along at the rate of two minutes forty-five seconds per mile, to that rural retreat for gentlemen of his caste, where innocence flourishes under the sign of the Lamb. Our hero, as the reader will perceive from his education, was not likely to surprise the world with any evidence of literary genius. Yet at heart he was a good fellow, and frank and candid in the expression of his sentiments; the latter quality, perhaps he inherited from his mother, and though on the road to ruin, the inevitable consequence of a career of daily folly incident to his pursuits, he maintained some respect for the opinion of the world, and at times meditated a reform. These wholesome meditations were interrupted by an incident as eventful in his life, and as influential upon his fortunes, as the sudden acquisition of his wealth.

Most of his property had been invested in bank stock: the sudden prostration and ruin of the one in which his fortunes were invested, utterly impoverished Peter, and upon waking up after a debauch in which he had faithfully followed the classic precept, "six cups to Mævius, to Justina, try it again," he found himself a bankrupt in fortune and character. No one could be worse prepared for such an emergency than our estimable youth, who that cannot bear prosperity like a man, in adversity is sure to act the part of a coward.

In vain did he struggle to keep up appearances. There was no incident in his life of brief prosperity to mitigate his follies and they who pay no respect to position unless founded upon the solid basis of meritorious action, were alike regardless of his fate with those who had bowed to his fellowship nor sympathy, by the latter he was avoided and despised as destitute of that quality which alone gave him consequence, and with manfully putting his shoulder to the wheel, he of fortunes seeking by mean subterfuge to maintain those luxuries which had impaired his health and weakened his energies. Toy after toy was parted with, and the proceeds of his fast trotting horse were melting away at a rate almost equal to the speed of that renegade animal. It were vain to pursue our hero step by step as he descended from his high estate to that neutral ground between a decayed gentleman and a decided loafer. At last his necessities became so great, and the demands of some of his creditors so imperative that it was absolutely necessary to crave a temporary assistance from some of those numerous friends who had so often partaken of his profusion and hospitality. And here Peter soon found the truth of the Spanish proverb, "Del peso perdido se sciante el valor." "If you would know the value of a dollar, try to borrow one." To all whom he applied he was refused assistance; some had just parted with the very last cent—many, very many, had a note to pay on that very day, some felt deep mortification that they had just invested all their spare cash; it was known but an hour sooner, he could have had it with pleasure. Others lectured him upon his past career, and tended with great liberality; any quantity of wholesome advice. In despair, he shrunk away to his silent chamber, to meditate over his fortunes, and curse the selfish cold-heartedness of the crowd he had mingled with.

He felt that he was slowly sinking into the condition of one Jacob Spunk, "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown," but whose habits and character were disreputable, one of those mysterious personages who manage to exist and occasionally to indulge in extravagances, without any ostensible means of gaining an honest subsistence. He even meditated a consultation with that estimable citizen, with a hope of gleaming from him a little learning upon the abstruse science of bettering a hopeless condition, and at the very moment he was about to depart in pursuit of that Sybarite, he was not a little astonished and pleased to observe him briskly passing before the window through which he was now gazing with lack-luster eye.

"Our Jake," for such was the amiable title this distinguished gentleman had acquired, was, to the astonishment of Peter, dressed off in garments of fine cloth. The threadbare coat, with whitened elbows, and glazed pantaloons tightly strapped down to a cracked and well-worn boot, no longer distinguished him as a "seedy" gentleman of equivocal fortunes. There was a swaggering sort of a "clear out of my way," which indicated the man of means—and as if to remove all possibility of doubt upon that important particular, a one of his pockets, into which this worthy had thrust a hand, and where his fingers were playing an accompaniment upon certain pieces of silver, in perfect harmony with his contented air, and to the astonishment and envy of many to whom the sound was more familiar than the touch. At first, this phantom, for he doubted the reality, perfectly paralyzed the sense of Peter, but when assured that his eyes were 'not made the fools of the other senses or else worth all the rest!'—he hastened to greet his old acquaintance, and to express his surprise and pleasure at the wonderful transformation.

"Well," said our hero, after making a careful and minute survey of the person of Mr. Spunk, which scrutiny that gentleman "stood up to" with wonderful composure, continuing to draw from the deep recesses of his habitations those tinkling tones before spoken of, whistling the while a stave or two from that favorite song which so graphically describes a moonlight, and the repose of a popular animal upon a rail. "Well, Jake, how are you?" again ejaculated our hero, extending his hand at the same time; he of the music ceased those performances, and then taking off his hat, commenced polishing that article by slowly and carefully drawing an extended silk handkerchief over its surface, at the same time relieving the mind of the interrogator from all uneasiness as to the perfect salubrity of his own body, with a reciprocity of the civility by an inquiry after the health of Peter. These little preliminaries being terminated, much to the satisfaction of both parties, and a pause succeeding, Spunk resumed the jingling of "the hard stuff," as he called it, and was about to execute a stave of his favorite air, with variations, when he was interrupted by another question from Mr. Petrolius to the effect, "If any distant relation of the Spunk family had lately paid a debt to nature, (the only one they ever did pay,) by which he had become unexpectedly the heir to a long hidden treasure?" To this direct appeal for a solution of the mysterious transformation which appeared to overwhelm Mr. Petrolius, the *et-début* loafer made on other reply than repeated shakes of the head in time with the tune which he still whistled forth with peculiar taste and execution, regarding our hero the while with a steady and serious gaze, as if to say, "you're wide of the mark, try it again." "Well, then," said Peter, impatiently, "how is it?—where did you get it?—how did it come?" Whereupon Mr. Spunk applied his left thumb to the tip of his nose, which, feeling a natural tendency to turn up, by the

compression became more than commonly exalted; holding it there for a moment, he gyrated his fingers about in a very pleasing and imposing manner, intimating thereby plainly and intelligibly to the keen perception of his companion, that it was not only a secret, but a dreadful one, intended to be locked up in his own breast, which he was pleased to remark was a perfect asbestos fire-proof chest for such matters. However, whether from ancient friendship, or from motives of pride, or from some other principle which it may not be worth the reader's while to fathom, he relented, and frankly declared that he had the honour to hold an office under the Government of the United States.

"Hold a what?" said Peter.

"An office."

"And pray, may I be so bold as to inquire how much does the United States of America pay you annually for your services?"

"Oh, how much? not much considering my merits—about a thousand a-year. But I tell you, sir, I worked hard for it. Day and night for a year did I shout, and bawl, and fight, and drink. Oh, but I worked hard for it." And that worthy gentleman gazed at the gutter with an air of abstraction, and shook his head mournfully. "Why, sir," suddenly starting from his reverie, he seized hold of Peter's coat, and very impressively said: "Why, sir, I lived upon crackers and brandy and smoked sausages and sheep's tongues for the last six months—I worked hard for it."

Upon this theme Mr. Spunk was particularly eloquent, and in a short time had entirely emptied his chest of all the secret history of his brilliant political career, and how he had ultimately been rewarded for his meritorious services by the gift from the President of a comfortable office, which in a moment had worked that pleasing transformation so astonishing to his friend. They parted with a determination to renew their former intimacy, the one to the perquisites of his office, the other to meditate upon the best mode of bettering a hopeless condition, without fulfilling the degree of Providence, which imposes upon all "labour, and the sweat of the brow." Peter Petrolius carefully compared his own history and abilities with those of Jacob Spunk, and in his own estimation, nothing of self-esteem was lost by the comparison. In several of the political requisites, he thought he might excel his rival; forced, however, to concede to that exemplary youth a decided superiority in those particular accomplishments, wherein eating and drinking were the most prominent. He was confirmed in his determination to follow the example of Jake, when he reflected that the labour, which was perhaps exaggerated by that meritorious individual, after all, was but a variation of the life of a man with no honest mode of making a livelihood.

It would be instructive and amusing to pursue our hero step by step, through the various gradations of his first introduction to popular notice till his final establishment in the favor of his political party. It will be sufficient to say that Peter's patriotism was of the most exalted kind, founded upon his sincere declarations of perfect disinterestedness and devotion to the public good. He presented the pleasing picture of a man with sufficient resolution to conquer his own evil passions and wicked propensities, drafting them daily for the benefit of mankind, every sentence overflowing with sentiments of virtue and patriotism.

Days, weeks, nay months, slipped away in this dissolute and unprofitable career, and after an intensely exciting canvass, in which oceans of brandy were drunk by both parties, our hero, with some hundred compatriots, of his cast and calibre, had the peculiar satisfaction, one cold drizzling day, to give nine cheers for the triumph of their candidate, and then stagger home to a comfortable abode, if they had any, made more solitary and desolate by previous rowdiness and intemperance.

Now, the straight-forward course of Mr. Petrolius was to apply his energies to some business or trade, by which, aided by industry and perseverance, he might not only have secured to himself some reputation, but perhaps a competency for life; but he always chose the crooked path, in character with the street which had the honor of being his birth-place.

A vast deal of precious time had been wasted—neither his health, reputation or circumstances had been improved, and he discovered, after some painful glances at the past, and some misgivings of the future, that he was precisely where he started, with the prospect of another conflict in which he would be opposed by some of those very friends with whom he had been linked in the struggle. But it was now too late to recede; the many opportunities offered at different times had been neglected; he had chosen what he had thought to be a flowery path; but, alas! he soon perceived, to his sorrow, that it was choked with weeds and thorns, and a thousand unforeseen obstacles. After procuring testimonials of the most irresistible kind of his political worth, he started for the seat of government with these credentials, under the impression that his presence would elicit a reward commensurate with his fame and services.

Peter found upon his arrival at that famous city of distances, that his pilgrimage was not so promising as anticipated, and that it was but one of some thousands of applicants for the same kind of favours.

A direct appeal to the Chief Magistrate would be met by a polite denial, or else an evasive answer couched in the most courteous terms. It was, therefore, necessary to be fortified with an introduction from some one known to the ruling powers as influential. Now Spunk's wife, who was brother to a Post Master, to whom a member of Congress was deeply indebted, and an in-

timiation from that gentleman that the Spunk family required an appointment for a worthy distant relative, was immediately attended to; and Jake promptly walked into a comfortable place, without the necessity of any testimonials as to character and capacity, which it would have bothered that worthy man to procure. But our hero had no friend at court, nothing but his credentials, signed by some hundreds of people as insignificant as himself, or by a few well-known politicians, who affixed their names to any memorial, happy at the opportunity it afforded them of publishing by that means their own importance.

He wandered over that cold and uncomfortable pile of stone and mortar, the Capitol; at one time listening to long harangues in the House about questions in which he could have no possible interest, the completion of a harbour at Green Bay, a thousand miles from any place, or a post-route upon the Arkansas, varied by an occasional roll-call, in which some hundreds of names were repeated by the clerk in a sententious voice and with amazing volubility—then wandering round the rotunda, either gazing at the pictures, or listening to the music of the man seated upon a chair upon the eastern door, who warbled all day a tune which captivated country people with its pleasing echoes.

Or from the galleries of the Senate chamber he counted the bald heads of those dignitaries of the nation whose wisdom appeared to confound the spectators with admiration. From the library, through whirling clouds of dust he had a perspective view of the executive mansion, commonly called the White House, in which resided so comfortably the individual for whom he now felt himself as far removed as when he "shinned on his own side" in the Potter's field of Philadelphia.

Day after day passed trudging his dusty way between the Capitol and the White House, or standing for hours in the ante-chamber of a great man, to take his turn in the crowd of hungry expectants. And when at last admitted, precluded from urging his suit by the presence of some fifty people from all parts of the world, howling and scraping and shaking of hands, in the most cordial and satisfactory manner.

At last, through the interference of a member, he obtained a private interview with the great man, who inquired most particularly after Peter's health and that of all his family, to whom he was well known, much to the astonishment of our hero, whose last relative or earth was represented by that worthy lady whose demise we have before recorded.

The propitious moment having arrived, Mr. Petrolius very respectfully urged his suit, and eloquently stated the several services he had rendered the country during a very "arduous campaign."

No sooner was the real object of Peter's visit made known, than the distinguished object of his past solicitude became cold and serious; our hero saw the change as it passed over his features, "like a summer's cloud," and felt a corresponding damp upon his own spirits. He was quickly relieved, however, from this painful uncertainty, by the agreeable information that there was no vacancy at present; but that so soon as one occurred he should be remembered; and with another cordial shake of the hand, that distinguished man begged Peter to remember him to all his friends. He departed under this comfortable assurance, which made his prospects particularly pleasant, when he remembered that "few die, and none resign."

With "melancholly steps and slow" he crossed over that cold vestibule, casting a parting glance at the porter who bowed him out so unceremoniously, and such was the desperation of feelings and disappointment, and though at first aspiring to a place of some responsibility and profit, he even envied that worthy man the station he enjoyed; though it appeared to be no sinecure. He saw, however, nothing apoplectic in that gentleman's appearance, nothing that could warrant the possibility of an immediate public bereavement in that department, and with a sigh, acknowledged that, even should there occur such a providential interference in his behalf, some weeks would transpire before the opportunity might occur to prefer his claim for the station.

And this is the brief history of nine cases out of ten, or rather ninety-nine out of a hundred, who seek for office as a means of subsistence. A miserable dependence at best, with the liability, when obtained, for being cast adrift upon the world to make room for one whose merits rested upon the same honorable foundations.

Accidentally meeting with a school-fellow from whom he had been separated for many years, and who expressed some interest in his behalf from some ancient associations in which the rattle of "Talbot Hamilton had a part, they both having largely participated in the inflictions of that well-remembered instrument, Peter unburdened his heart to his associate, and with unfeigned sorrow declared his past follies and his determination to pursue a course the very opposite of the past in every particular. His companion, so far from rejecting his friendship or rebuking him with unkind words, promised him every aid within his humble power. With neither friends, nor money, nor influence, by sheer industry and perseverance he had worked his way through every difficulty, and earned a handsome fortune, and in the domestic circle of this worthy young man, Peter beheld every comfort and happiness which honourable exertion and a contented mind invariably brings with it.

It is with pleasure we record that, cheered by the example of his patron, he conquered, by degrees, the habits of idleness which had almost become a part of his nature, and though painfully irksome at first, it soon became a source of



pleasure, and every day he learned the truth of that best of precepts from a father to his son:

"Look thou character—  
This short life—  
The time own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

#### "QUICK AS LIGHTNING."

The Magnetic Telegraph, now in operation at Harding's gallery, is decidedly the greatest wonder of the present age; and the effect of its general use on the great lines of communication between different parts of the country where it will probably be established, will be such as to produce an entire change in the mode of transacting business. News of importance can be transmitted by means of this instrument from Boston to New Orleans (or twice that distance) within the space of a few minutes. It takes but little more time to communicate words and sentences by this "Telegraph," than it does to write the same with a pen on paper, and a greater or less distance makes no appreciable difference in the time required. For instance, it takes no longer time to send news from Washington to Baltimore, (where the line is now in operation) 40 miles, than it does to communicate from No. 22 School street to the corner of Sudbury and Court-streets, where the line is established in this city. Any person doubting these facts, has only to call at Harding's gallery and see for themselves. Mr. Cornell who conducts the exhibition, was the superintendent of construction of the Baltimore and Washington Telegraph, and is, therefore, well qualified to give satisfactory explanations on the subject. This instrument is exceedingly interesting in a social point of view. Friends separated by long distance, can communicate by this means (where it shall be established) as readily as though they were resident in the same street, or even in the same building.

Two years since, Professor Morse inventor of this Telegraph, received from Congress a grant of thirty thousand dollars, to establish a line from Washington to Baltimore, in order to test fully its capabilities. The line is now in the most successful operation, and at the last session of Congress, a bill was introduced and passed to a second reading, authorizing government to purchase and extend the line of communication as far as New York; and this bill will doubtless pass at the next session. Should Congress, however, not act promptly on the subject, the mercantile community will probably take the business out of their hands, and form lines of communication between all the large cities. It is a subject of the highest interest and importance to the public, and one great object of the present exhibition is to give ocular demonstration of the powers of this instrument, which are too wonderful to be believed on any other testimony. [Boston Courier.]

**ANECDOTE.** During the revolutionary war, eighty old German soldiers, who after having served under different monarchs of Europe, had retired to America, and converted their swords into plow shares, voluntarily formed themselves into a company, and distinguished themselves in various actions, on the side of liberty. The captain was nearly one hundred years old, and had been in the army forty years, and present in seventeen battles. The drummer was ninety-four, and the youngest man in the corps on the verge of seventy! Instead of a cockade, each man wore a piece of crape, as a mark of sorrow for being obliged, at so advanced a period of life, to bear arms. "But," said the veterans, "we should be deficient in gratitude, if we did not act in defence of a country, which has afforded us a generous asylum, and protected us from tyranny and oppression." Such a band of soldiers never, before, perhaps, appeared on any field of battle. [New Haven Courier.]

**A RICH SCENE.**—A day or two since, a countryman walked into an office in New York, without taking particular notice of his whereabouts, he took off his coat and cravat, threw them on to a chair, sat down, crossed his legs, and in an authoritative tone, called out—

"Is that water hot?"

"Water, sir?" said the clerk, who had been watching his movements with no little curiosity, "what water, sir? You must be under a mistake!"

"Mistake the d—! I want to be shaved. Why don't you get things in readiness? I'm in a hurry."

"I beg your pardon, sir, this is not a barber's shop, but an exchange office."

"An exchange office! there must be something wrong by hocky! I asked a man in the street where I could get shaved, and he told me to come here."

The clerk looked daggers, and the customer put on his coat and sloped.

#### RELIGION.

Religion deters not from the lawful delights which are taken in natural things, but teaches the moderate and regular use of them, which is far the sweeter; for things lawful in themselves are, in their excess, sinful, and so prove bitterness in the end. And if, in some cases, it requires the forsaking of lawful enjoyment as of pleasure, or profit, or honor for God, and for his glory, it is generous, and more truly delightful to deny things, for this reason, than to enjoy them. Men have done much this way, for the love of their country, and by a principle of moral virtue; but to lose any delight, or to suffer any hardship for that highest end, the glory of God, and by the strength of love to him, is far more excellent and truly pleasant. The delights and pleasures of sin, religion indeed banishes; but it is to change them for joy, that is unspeakable beyond them. It calls them from sordid and base delights, to those that are sure delights, delights indeed. It calls to men, 'drink ye no longer of the sinner's cup; here are the crystal streams of a living fountain.' There is a delight in the very dispensing of sinful delights, as that in comparison with them, the other deserves not the name, to have such spiritual joy; it is a wonder we haven't not to choose this joy; but it is indeed, because we believe not.—*Lighten.*

"Necessity is the mother of invention," as the cook said when she took her nightcap for a pudding bag.

**GUNPOWDER NULLIFIED.**—It is a singular fact that a French officer has discovered a method of taking away the explosive properties of gunpowder, to be restored at pleasure. It is merely to mix the powder with finely powdered charcoal for black lead, filling up the interstices between the grains and if in this state it is set fire to, it merely fuses, and does not flame. In a recent experiment, two barrels of the powder thus mixed were placed one upon each other, and the lower one lighted. It burnt in about twenty minutes, but the calorific developed had so little force, that the upper barrel was but little charred and its contents uninjured. The powder is at any time rendered serviceable by shifting it.

**THE SPIRITUAL WIFE SYSTEM.**—The Rev. B. Winchester denounces his brother Mormons, who hold to this licentious doctrine. He adds, in his letter:

"I delivered a lecture in Philadelphia to expose the 'Spiritual Wife System,' during which I had occasion to refer to the acts and doings of G. J. Adams, (a self-styled 'big gun of Mormonism,') in connection with this system; for this reason he commenced a suit against me for slander—I fear him not. I expect the trial will be one of unusual interest, as it will be the means of legally exposing the evil practices of a certain clique in the society."

#### BOLD AND DARING ROBBERY IN TAUNTON.

The most successful and daring attempt at store breaking and plunder, says the Taunton Whig, that was ever known in this quarter, was performed sometime between Saturday night and Sunday morning last week, in Taunton. The clothing store of James W. Crossman, and dry goods store of A. B. Crane, on the Main Street, was entered by means of false keys, and sundry clothing, &c., taken from the former, amounting to about \$800, and from the latter, a great variety of valuable silk goods, velvets, &c., amounting to upwards of \$2000. The stock of Mr. Crane was selected from with great skill and shrewdness; his shelves and drawers completely rifled of his most costly goods.—The same sagacity was exercised with regard to Mr. Crossman's goods, evincing some knowledge of the quality of the articles, if not a familiarity with the premises. Five hundred dollars reward is offered for the recovery of the goods and apprehension of the thieves.

#### SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

An English gentleman, who has spent fourteen years in Western Africa, where he has been Governor of some of the most important English possessions, states that probably nine-tenths of all the population of Africa, are at this moment, slaves; that in some places the slaves are, to the free as thirty to one; that slavery there is of all sorts, from that which gives the master the most absolute control, to that in which the slave has the common privileges of a member of the family, and may, in some cases, inherit his master's property. He expresses the conviction that slavery can be eradicated only by the general promulgation of the Gospel.

#### PERILS OF THE GUANO TRADE.

Some of the crews in this trade have had severe conflicts with the Arabs. Some sailors who were taken captives, had their wounds dressed by the Arabs in a style of surgery which few would relish. The natives used a rough knife, and burned out the wounds with a red hot nail. While this terrible operation was going on, the Arab spectators were laughing. One of the captives had his skull fractured; they scraped his head very roughly, twice a day, and filled the wound with a kind of powder. Their other operations were of a similar character.

**AN IMPOSTER.**—The Madisonian states that some person assuming the name and passing himself for the son of C. A. Wickliffe, Postmaster General, has swindled the postmasters of Detroit, Mich., and Peoria, Ill., and drawn drafts on Mr. Wickliffe, each draft accompanied by a most affectionate letter, stating the loss of his baggage on the lakes.

#### SAGACIOUS.

The Editor of the Boston Tribune, of Oct. 22, is a very wise man. Hear him: All circumstances considered, the probability of Mr. Clay's election to the Presidency during the next month is greater than October, 1840, was General Harrison's. So says the National Intelligencer, and we fully concur in the opinion.

**THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1784.**—A Mr. Wansley, whose published notes of a tour in this country in 1784 has recently been the subject of notice in the American papers, gives the following description of a breakfast at the White House: "Mrs. Washington herself made tea and coffee for us. On the table were two small plates of sliced tongue, dry toast, bread and butter, but no boiled fish, as is the general custom. Miss Custis, her grand-daughter, a very pleasing young lady of about sixteen, sat next to her brother, George Washington Custis, about two years older than herself. There was but little appearance of form; no livery. A silver urn for hot water was the only expensive thing on the table. Mrs. W. appears to be something older than the President, although born the same year, short in stature, rather robust, very plain in her dress."

**'HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE.'**—If people will bet on elections, let them bet as the girl said in Michigan, who said 'I will bet with any good looking young man on Polk's election. The stake shall be the parties; if Polk is elected, I win, and marry the gentleman who bets against me; if he is not, the gentleman wins and marries me.'—[Bee.]

**Every Englishman, almost every Scotchman, (with honorable exceptions,) and every Orange Irishman voted the federal ticket, and yet the federalists have a terrible dread of foreigners voting!**—N. H. Patriot.

General Jackson, at the Hermitage, on the 26th October, 1844, presented General Armstrong, his old fellow soldier, with the sword worn at New Orleans. An eye witness of the scene describes it as exceedingly interesting and affecting. We can easily conceive of its being so.

#### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 26, 1844.

#### THE GRAND RESULT.

Sufficient returns have been received from the several States to show with certainty the result of the Presidential contest. Official returns have been received from Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, and Rhode Island, and nearly complete returns from the rest of the States, with the exception of Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Illinois and Alabama. Of these latter States, Tennessee has gone for Clay—all the others for Polk.

In relation to Tennessee, however, there is yet some doubt how she has thrown her vote. The Boston Atlas claims the State for Clay by a small majority of 200, or more, while the Journal of Commerce, which is generally correct in these matters, says the vote is precisely alike for Polk and Clay—being a tie. The Portland American, of Friday last, says this State has gone for Clay. We are not prepared to give up Tennessee yet. We must wait for the official returns, and then see. For the present, however, we concede the State to Clay, and the following is the summing up of the whole:

State to Clay, and the following is the summing up of the whole:—			
	Popular vote.		Electoral vote.
	Polk.	Clay.	Polk. Clay.
Maine,	11,660		9
N. Hampshire,	4,000		6
Massachusetts,		14,000	12
Vermont,		4,400	7
Connecticut,		2,500	7
Rhode Island,		3,300	4
New York,	6,000		36
New Jersey,		800	7
Pennsylvania,	6,200		26
Delaware,		400	3
Maryland,		3,200	8
Virginia,	6,000		17
North Carolina,		4,000	11
South Carolina,	47,000		9
Georgia,	2,000		10
Alabama,	9,600		9
Mississippi,	4,000		6
Louisiana,	2,000		6
Tennessee,		200	12
Kentucky,		11,000	12
Ohio,		6,000	23
Indiana,	1,800		12
Illinois,	12,000		9
Missouri,	8,000		7
Michigan,	5,600		5
Arkansas,	3,000		3
	133,000	51,480	170
	51,480		105
Popular majority,	81,520		65 Polk's maj.

From the above table it will be seen that Polk has 170 of the 175 Electoral votes, and that he has 65 majority over the renowned "Mill boy of the Slashes." Thus it will be seen that Polk would have been elected if we had lost Maine, New Hampshire, Michigan, Arkansas, and Illinois; or if we had succeeded in Tennessee, as it is not improbable we have, Polk would have been elected even if the vote of N. York and Maine had both gone for Clay. Our triumph on the Electoral ticket is full and complete, and this is not all!

By the above table it will be seen that we have estimated the popular majority in each State according to the best of our judgment from the various sources to which we have had access. It may not prove correct in every particular; but we think the final result will not vary this estimate very much, either way.—If this table should prove true, Polk will have a popular majority over Clay of Eighty-one Thousand Five Hundred Twenty Votes. This will be but little less than Harrison's majority in 1840, which was about 126,000. The Abolition vote is not included in the above calculation. From this we may learn that our success is certain—our cause triumphant—our victory complete.

#### "FREE TRADE"

"England levies annually upon the single article of American tobacco an amount of revenue equal to the whole amount of duties levied annually in the United States upon all articles imported from all parts of the world! How beautifully free trade can be carried on with such a nation!"

The above is from the Kennebec Journal. And what is the object of it? Is it to show that we ought not to trade with the English, and sell our tobacco to them—that we cannot afford it on account of the high duty. Yes, that is the object, no doubt. Well, how is it. Do their high duties prevent the export of the article from this country to that? No. If our merchants could not get a living profit on the article, would they export it? No. Do they get a living profit, in spite of the high duty? Yes. Who pays that duty? Those paupers, loafers, manufacturers, gentlemen, and all other Englishmen who consume it. Who are made better by the trade in tobacco? Those who raise it, and export it, and likewise the British Government. Who are made worse? Those who pay the duty and consume the article. Who cares how much duty the English put upon our produce, if we can get all we ask, and they, by the means, only cut their own fingers? Nobody.

The Bangor Mercury has come out in favor of Native Americanism.

The Bangor Whig states that a child in that city was found dead in bed last Wednesday. It was placed in bed in health at the early part of the evening. The parents, on returning, found it dead—the bed clothes entirely covering it. Its death was caused by suffocation.

#### MAINE ELECTION.

The Age publishes returns from 267 towns in this State, which give Polk 37,903, Clay 29,375, Birney 4,061. Thus far, Polk has 8,528 more than Clay, and 4,521 more than all others. There has been a Democratic gain in these towns since Sept. of 811 votes.

There are 84 towns to be heard from, which gave in Sept., for Anderson, 8,018, for Robinson, 5,797. The Age says, "if the remainder of the State comes in as in Sept. Polk's majority over Clay will be 11,400."

Anderson's majority over Robinson, in Sept., 10,508, over all, 4,330.

**Do you say so?** A Whig paper, in the bitterness of its lamentation, says—"But some of our farmers would rather have Locofisim, Canada thistles, poverty and mortgaged farms, than busy manufacturing towns, quick and good markets for all they can raise, work enough, and money in their pockets." O no! This is a mistake; and in order to avoid such calamities, we voted against a restrictionist, who would make us pay double for our clothing—an Aristocrat, who would curtail our liberties, and a Gambler, who would pick our pockets; and most of our farmers have done so too.

The Whigs take their defeat so hard, we begin to believe what Gen. Perry said of them. He said "they had but two principles, 'Clay and Wool.'" But Clay is down now; and for the want of a Democratic Tariff, wool fell long ago. The Whig party needs a Committee of Ways and Means.

The Whigs say that the "American Republicans will triumph in 1848, without doubt." That is to say, the Whigs intend to change their name from Whig to Native Americans, and triumph "a tain." Try it gentlemen.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," And "Fool," turned "Native," would still court defeat.

**Appropriate.**—That carriage which was made expressly to carry Mr. Clay from Ashland to Washington, we are told will not be used for that purpose. It has been suggested that it would make a commodious hourly to be used on Salt River between Hornby and Cornfield.

The Dover Farmer, of this State, has run up the "Native" Flag. At the first of the season, it was neutral. It was then bought up for Clay. It had but one step more to take to box the compass, and that an easy and natural one. It has taken it and come out a "Native."

#### "THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT."

John Q. has been once more gratified in his predominant passion—love of office. He has been elected, by the people of his district, to serve in the 27th Congress, two years from the 4th of March next.

**FIRE AWAY.**—The Whigs are glorying over their late success in old Federal Massachusetts. "The Albany Evening Journal" breaks out into the following Rhapsody:—"We honor and bless Massachusetts for her signal and triumphant vindication of Whig principles. Not that her indomitable legions have saved the country from present calamity" (oh!) "but that her demonstrations of abiding faith in sound principles, and that her watch-fires will continue to brighten the way and guide the efforts of Whigs in their further struggles." Guess by this the Whigs feel shy that even this State will go the other way next time. If they praise her well however she may stick to her old faith which is this. "That it is unbecoming a moral and religious people to rejoice over the success of our Enemies."

#### WHO IS HENRY CLAY.

To know him as a man and Statesman we will look where he was borne and where he now resides. Virginia, his native state, has repudiated him and his election, by 5,000 majority.—Kentucky, the place of his residence, which gave the Whig Candidate in '40 a majority of 22,000, shows a falling off of nearly 15,000 votes; while James K. Polk, according to whig calculation, lacks but 290 votes of an Election in his own State; although in '40 it gave 13,000 majority for the Whig Party.

**OREGON.**—The Whigs affect to blame Mr. Calhoun because he has not settled the Oregon question. "They say that Mr. Packenham came over as Envoy Extraordinary for that purpose." Why do they not, likewise, inform their readers that negotiations were opened on this subject between Mr. Calhoun, as Secretary of State, and Mr. Packenham, immediately on his arrival—and that Mr. Calhoun, on the part of the United States, presented to Mr. Packenham the only proposition which in his judgment he deemed would be acceptable to the U. States? If any one is to blame about this matter, it is the British Minister, for not accepting this proposition. It seems to be the misfortune, or the monomania, of the Whig Party to censure our own Countrymen for what foreigners alone are guilty. It is so in this instance.

**OFFICIAL RETURNS.**—The following are the Official returns from Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey and Rhode Island viz:

	Polk.	Clay.	Birney.
Pennsylvania,	167,535	161,203	3,133
Maryland,	32,676	30,094	
New Jersey,	36,318	37,393	131
Rhode Island	4,846	7,342	6

In the 33 towns and Plantations heard from in Oxford County, there are for the Democratic Electors 3,743 votes—for the coons 12,86—for the Long Heels 291. Well done!

Some Whig Expectants who were to receive office in the event of Clay's election have suspended business in New York, Providence &c. saying they cannot proceed because Clay is defeated. Poor souls, they can't live without a panic.

**SERIOUS ACCIDENT.**—Sometime last week a young man by the name of Hemmaway, in Milton Plantation, came near losing his life by the caving in of a well. He was standing in the bottom of the well, which was from 15 to 18 feet deep, when the sand on all sides gave way and suddenly buried him up in that position to the depth of two feet above his head. His father being near and hearing the noise, came to his rescue; and by dint of hard labor and great perseverance succeeded in saving his life. The young man was nearly exhausted when his father removed the weight above his head and permitted him to breathe. Before the Old gentleman succeeded in affording relief, he came near being buried himself by a second caving in of the sand.—They both got out safe at last.

**DOMESTIC.**—"To be happy at home is the ultimate end of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity."

In view of this language of a celebrated philosopher, the following things we should like to know. Has any one recently, like Diogenes, been showered with gold, and if so, what was the cause, and what the result? An answer is solicited from

ONE WHO KNOWS.

**FENDISH.**—A colored girl of 17, Richmond, Va., by way of Revenge for some trifling act, threw a child over the stair banisters, when she was in the fourth story. The child fell to the basement, breaking its thigh and otherwise bruising it. The child on recovering its senses related the facts. The girl had fled.

For the Democrat.

#### BAD SCHOOLS.

Mr. Editor:—As this age seems to investigate the origin of many events, permit me to speak concerning the origin of Bad Schools.

Many pupils, *professedly*, know more than their teachers. They have formed a system of law by which their teachers must be governed. It implies this, let me do as please. If he complies, he is a good master; if he does not, he is good for nothing—but to be insulted. The second class strive to excel in mischief. They think it is cunning; and some of their parents love to have it so: consequently they seek every opportunity to intrude upon the master's forbearance, and to aggravate his patience. They first see how near they can approach his authority and not trample it under foot.—They will do things of which they should be ashamed, and then boast of them beyond the truth, because they suppose it is cunning.

Sometimes we find pupils who have taught schools the very worst *mirabile dictu!*

Parents and Guardians are the base of School disturbances. You may know how a child is taught or not taught at home, by his conduct in School. If he returns with reports concerning the teacher; they will believe them; and perhaps dispropitiate them in the pupils presence, (it may be undesignedly, but heedlessly) which rendered into plain English, reads as follows:—"Do as you please, I will risk it." They may tell you that if their children do not obey they want them punished: you punish them, and they sing another tune, higher pitched. They think other pupils deserved it more, or something else—I know not what. The bad influence of one good man is felt more than all the scholars combined; yet the same one will say, "he keeps no order."

Shall I modestly ask, do, or have the S. S. Committee done as they should? I say no. Do you ask, how do you know? If they had, the parents would have turned them all out of office last spring for high bills, or for doing their duty. Did they know how schools were progressing, they would have dismissed some teachers, or many pupils, after they had read twice. The teacher wants the Committee's influence felt among his pupils every day; he can better preserve order through their authority. Masters have been under the necessity of managing their schools on their "own hook." They should be the Executive, and the Committee the Legislative. Or if their government is monarchical, let it be a limited one.

Ought not the Committee of every town institute some general system of law to be observed by each school of their respective towns. Then uniformity would exist. The pupils would know that their teacher would be applauded in his administration. One reason is, some masters are inclined to stuff with "soft corn," rather than with sound, and the first principles of education. I have been disgusted at the efforts of it, even a year afterwards. It always tends to render the digestive organs of the intellect unhealthy, irregular, and morbid, which leaves the patient to waste away with the devouring disease of self-conceit.

#### PHILOM.

The Philadelphia Ledger—a truly neutral paper in political matters—says of Mr. Polk's election to the Presidency—"Mr. Polk is precisely such a president as the country now requires: a man in whose character moderation, love of peace and love of justice are the principal elements.—We especially rejoice in the election of a magistrate of respectable abilities, respectable attainments, long experience in political action, good sense, moderate views, amiable feelings, pure principles and irreproachable character. A tariff for revenue, with discrimination for incidental protection, a just and liberal economy, and a conciliatory, dignified tone a stable conservative policy, will insure a long rule to the party now ascendant, and the peace and prosperity of the country."



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